

A
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A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

MAY / 50¢

Jem



When to Trump your Partner's Queen *see page 12*

- FICTION
- HUMOR
- ARTICLES

MAY 1957
Vol. 1 No. 4

A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

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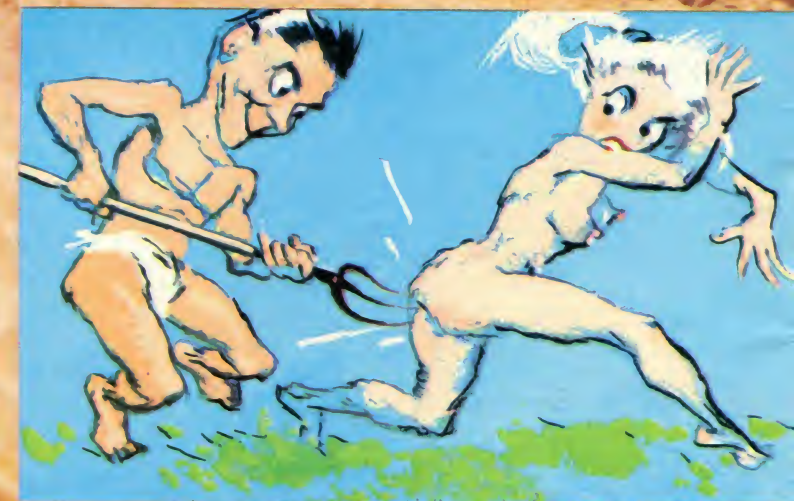




Betty Brosmer: Jem of the Month



JOYCE REYNOLDS



Quo Vadis?



Diamond Dust

A VERY good friend of ours, who happens to lisp, maintains that our motto, "A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice," does not do justice to our magazine.

"What you should say," he insists, "is, 'JEM—Loaded wiv Kawats fowah Hungwy Wabbits.'"

He might have a point, at that.

* * *

At the time this is being written, a song titled Throw Mama Out the Window is all the rage on juke boxes and other instruments of torture. This song does not, as one might presume from the title, advocate matricide, but is a just too cute arrangement of words as they are spoken by the Plain People of Pennsylvania, more commonly known as the Pennsylvania Dutch. The song actually urges that you throw throw mama out the window a kiss as the train bears you away from her apron strings into the wide, wide world of adventure.

(Continued on page 61)

The Insult That Made Me a He-Man!



"The big, muscular bully snarled, 'Get lost, you skinny runt', then gave me a shove and walked off with the girl I wanted to impress. It happened right on the beach, in sight of everybody. People laughed... I nearly cried with shame! That minute I made my decision to write Joe Weider. I didn't really believe he could do much with the bag of bones I called my body. I was round shouldered and pigeon-chested; my pipe stem arms, spindle legs and skinny thighs were a joke. I was ready to try anything... and am I GLAD I DID! JOE WEIDER PROVED TO BE THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD!"

"I got the FREE Weider Course, then enrolled for Weider Training, because I saw true-life pictures of fellows worse off than I was who developed mighty muscles and a new, powerful physique. Under Joe Weider's wonderful teachings I grew heavier, stronger, healthier, yes, even taller, week after week. For a few dollars I got training equipment, instructions and vitamins that were worth a million. Just look at my 'before' and 'after' pictures on this page. Today I'm a bodybuilding champion instead of a physical wreck to be ridiculed and pushed around. Please take my advice, all you fellows who are weak and puny. WRITE TO JOE WEIDER TODAY...MAKE YOUR DECISION NOW...YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!"



The Proud Parents of Leo Paul Therrien, "We are grateful to Joe Weider for making our boy a real, All-American He-Man."

FREE!



JOE WEIDER
801 Palisade Ave.
Union City, N. J. Dept. J.

Dear Joe: Rush my free Weider Courses by Return Mail. I am under no obligation.

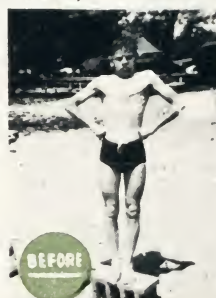
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(Please Print)

Be Sure To Enclose 25c To Cover Postage and Handling
IN CANADA Write: Joe Weider, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que.



Young Therrien BEFORE He Became A Weider Pupil. His miserable physique had these measurements: Height: 4'7". Weight: 75. Upper Arm: 8 1/2". Chest: 28". Thighs: 17 1/2".



How Leo Paul Therrien Looks Today. Thanks to the Weider System. Height: 5'7". Weight: 140. Upper Arm: 14 1/2". Chest: 42". Thighs: 22 1/2". You, too, can be transformed like this through Weider Training.

Skinny or fat, tall or short, young or old... your present condition makes no difference to Joe Weider. "I guarantee to add 3" on your arms, 6" to your chest. Only a few minutes a day, right in your own home—using my course and world-famous home gym training outfit—I GUARANTEE TO BUILD YOU MORE MUSCLE THAN ANYONE ELSE, FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE, OR YOUR MONEY BACK! You'll develop great power, externally and internally—overcome constipation, physical weakness, bad habits. You'll build enduring, athletic muscles, gaining the liveness of a tiger and the strength of a lion. Popularity, romance, admiration will be yours. BUT you must ACT NOW! Make Your Vital He-Man Decision... MAIL THE COUPON TODAY! Remember my Money Back GUARANTEE... You Have Nothing To Lose But Your Weakness... I am waiting to hear from you..."

(signed) Joe Weider



NOW Girls Don't Pass Up Leo Therrien. Not with that physique and handsome appearance!



great !

GRETA !!

GREATEST!!

*Denmark is noted for exporting
cheese, not cheesecake. Here,
looking at Greta Thysen, you can't
help wondering if they haven't been
shipping out the wrong stuff.*

Well, water you know, Greta's a lady in wading.

... and even if she can't yet afford a king-size pool, she's happy with her displacement in this pygmy version.





great !
greta !!
greatest !!!



When a girl like Greta decides to pool her resources, she's liable to flood the market . . . nevertheless,

for divers reasons, the dainty Dane deigns to stay in the water until—and who can tell why?—she decides

to take to the trees.





Mr. Godiva

*When Marsha craved a new outfit, it
was all like a fantastic dream that
belonged in a psychiatrist's office*

BY HAROLD HELFER.

I have made it a cardinal rule never to step into the squabbles and dissensions of married couples in my acquaintanceship. But when Anita Towers called up to tell me that Marsha Ascott intended to go to the Wickershams' garden tea party without any clothes on, a sense of duty came over me to try to do something about it.

If anyone but Anita Towers had told me about this, I should, of course, have thought that the whole thing was some sort of gag. But Anita, I knew, was a rather prim individual who was not inclined toward mischievousness.

And she appeared to be even more somber than usual when I met her that evening at Schrafft's. Silently, she led me to a booth at the very rear. And even though the nearby booths were unoccupied, she nevertheless lowered her voice.

This is the essence of what she told me:

The annual afternoon garden tea party of Constance and Tracy Wickersham, always held on the last Sunday of the summer, had become one of the prime events on the social calendar, and Marsha Ascott wanted to buy a new outfit for the occasion. Drew Ascott, however, was disinclined to give Marsha the money. The argument about this had waxed for a number of evenings and reached a sort of climax when Marsha cried out:

(Continued on page 57)



*This delicious morsel of
sweetness goes under
the quite appropriate
name of Candy Barr.
Here she is portraying a
two-gun tootsie.*

*They were educated and suave, handsome,
witty and athletic for all their
dissipations. They were the . . .*



playboys of Paris

By AL MAYER

PARIS at the turn of the century was a vast recreational area for playboys. They were not flamboyant, uncouth, nouveau riche showoffs such as those upon whom we bestow the title today, but of an entirely different breed.

Playboying—the art of living higher, wider and handsomer than a king or potentate on no visible income—in those days was a profession, you might even say an industry.



playboys of Paris

The high-class European professional good time Charley of the Nineties trained for his vocation as carefully as any pugilist ever conditioned himself for fighting and as thoroughly a physicist studies to qualify himself to blow the world apart.

Many a mere man, reading of the exploits of the lover boys of a generation ago has asked himself: What did they have that I ain't got? The answer is simple. The playboys of Paris knew their business, which was to sail blithely through life in unproductive luxury at somebody else's expense.

They were highly educated, cultured and suave. They knew how to gamble and spend money gracefully, losing without even a shrug of dismay and winning without the semblance of a gloat. They tipped just the right amount, not tossing away \$1,000 bills like Coal Oil Johnnys-Come-Lately. The playboys invariably were handsome, witty and athletic for all their dissipations. Acquiring the social graces and qualifications of a true playboy took time, energy and relentless application. And it paid off.

Take the case of Count Boni de Castellane. Boni came from a long line of aristocrats who were not exactly plutocrats, nor were they impoverished. They were sort of middle-class aristocrats. Naturally, Boni was given the finest education obtainable and was well versed in the social graces. All of which would not buy groceries, let alone support the Count in the luxury to which he hoped (Continued on page 54)



the Stranger

*It was a sad and wicked thing he did to O'Reilly, and
I can only say in defense of my part in it that he
didn't look that sort*

THE SEEDS of hate O'Reilly had sown a decade ago must have been fertile, indeed, for the stranger to have waited so long, and to have spent so much time on research, in order to get back at Reilly the way he did. A terrible thing, and partly my fault for having fingered O'Reilly to the stranger.

As a result, if O'Reilly's wife would only leave him, or shoot him dead, or put him in the hospital for life,

I wouldn't feel too badly. But as it is, O'Reilly's every waking moment is a purgatory my blood runs cold to contemplate. The stranger seemed to have known that O'Reilly was chained to his frigid wife the way few men are, an introverted inarticulate man, afraid of women and especially of his wife, but utterly dependent upon her for guidance. He must have hated himself—and her—for this dependence.

But outwardly, at least, he led a reasonably normal life—until this stranger came into my bar one Saturday, about two in the afternoon. A well set-up fellow, maybe thirty-two or three. Nice tan, easy grin. He ordered scotch and shoved his hat back on his head, throwing a quick glance around.

"Not much doing this early on a Saturday," I said.

"I'm looking for someone," he said slowly. "Ever hear of George O'Reilly? He used to live around here during the war. A sort of ferret-faced guy, skinny, with scanty red hair and washed-out Irish blue eyes."

I looked at him closely, (Continued on page 59)

By WILLIAM SAMBROT





Never one to make Empey promises, Margaret practices what she preaches—the outdoor life, with plenty of water on the side

Winsome Windfall by a Waterfall

Margaret Empey is a water nymph. "Make mine water on the rocks," she says as she romps 'neath the spray,



(outside, that is). Water relief this must be on a hot day!

*"In silvery ripples a stream flows on,
A child looks in it and laughs with glee.
What harm have its crystal waters done?
What harm can the wavelets bring me?"*

—George Viziēnos

"and I'll be happy and content in foul or fair wetter."





the Quipping post

THE SULTAN of Poontang, about to leave on an extended tour of his domain, called in his chief eunuch for final instructions.

"Wilberforce," he said to the chief eunuch, for that was the chief eunuch's name, "Wilberforce, I am going on a long trip. Be away two or three months. I want you to take good care of the girls in the harem, see that none of them gets in trouble. Especially man trouble. Now this is a solemn duty and I trust you to take good care of my interests."

Wilberforce assured his lord and master that he would guard the girls with his life, if need be.

When the Sultan returned some months later, he learned to his horror and dismay that no fewer than five of the lovelies from his harem were with child. He summoned the chief eunuch before him.

"Wilberforce," he said sternly, "I charged you with a solemn duty and you gave me your oath that you would protect the girls in my harem from men. I return and find five of them with child. Have you anything to say in your defense before I have your head chopped off?"

"Oh, great and noble master, this sad state of affairs truly is not my fault," Wilberforce pleaded on bended knee. "You see, while you were away I came down with a severe virus, one of those things that just runs wild through your system. I could not stay on the job. I had to go to bed as the doctor ordered."

"The only one I could think of that I could trust

(Continued on page 65)



MISS HATCHET, 1900
Carry Nation, who went around hacking up saloons, hatched a mess of trouble at the turn of the century. Always magnanimous, JEM salutes the hatchet-wielding fanatic for her efforts on behalf of the opposition (see page 24)

BUSYBODIES, unlimited

Throughout the centuries the bluenoses—professional and amateur—have been dedicated to making your life miserable. All anyone can say for certain about them is that they are fanatically opposed to anything pleasurable, no matter in what respect it brings joy.

By William McCormick

NO ONE has ever scientifically figured out what makes a reformer. Neither psychologist, philosopher nor psychiatrist can determine what compels certain people to insert their long, prying noses into everybody's private life with a view to telling everybody that whatever they're doing—particularly if they're enjoying it—is contrary to the public interests and must be stopped at all costs.

One thing the professional pundits of the three P's can say for certain is that the busybody is fanatically opposed to anything pleasurable, no matter in what respect it brings joy.

Let the Albigenses find peace and happiness in an ascetic concept of Christianity and an Inquisition is set up to find out how come and put a stop to it. Let a country enjoy a happy-go-lucky life under a tolerant and unbothered ruler, and a Cromwell pops up to impose, by force, Puritanical regimentation. Let Joe Smith find surcease from the monotony of 40 hours a week on the assembly line inserting gadgets into widgets by watching bumps and grinds at a burlycue house, and up springs a professional snooper to deny him his small escape from tedium.

Alcoholics Anonymous is an estimable organization which has done yeoman service in a field too (Continued on page 64)





You'll Never Goodrich

Debra, born in the service, is an old hand at the Army game. Her life story reads like something out of James Michner, but she came through the war in the Far East without a scratch—as you can see



Debra was born in Manila. Her father was an Army engineer. At the Jap invasion, they flew Manila and hid out in the Islands.



They had to be constantly on the move, but were never captured. After the war, Debbie and her family came to New York.

Debra Goodrich is studying dramatics in California and she has a lot on the ball, according to her instructors.



**You'll
Never
Goodrich**

Once outside Manila, they were cornered by the Nips and forced to take refuge between the walls of a house. Today...

Debra wouldn't fit there—at least not if she was turned sideways. After she graduated from High School in New York,

Debra moved to San Francisco, thence to Los Angeles, where she hopes ultimately to crash into the movies. Some crash!





ROMEO

*The one common trait that
unifies them is easy to find,
and when you discover it
you have the vital key to romance*

what we can learn from the GREAT LOVERS

By FORCE KENNETT



HENRY VIII



VILLON



DON JUAN

THE PAGES of literature and history are studded with the exploits of the greatest lovers the world has known. When you think of lovers, what names pop into your mind? Probably men like Romeo, Don Juan, Casanova, Francois Villon, Cyrano de Bergerac, Henry VIII and characters of that type.

From each of them, we who aspire to the romantic heights can learn a valuable lesson. We can profit from their errors, copy their triumphs, emulate their flawless methods.

Before we examine each of them individually, we (Continued on page 62)



CASANOVA



CYRANO

John Martin



Mr. Sophisticated Citizen
Whereveryouare
U.S.A.
My Dear Urbane Brother:

My charming ladies and I will be delighted to visit you periodically, if you will make the necessary simple arrangements. We will entertain you with the latest in adult witticisms, the most up-to-the-minute tales of the gay world we live in and a package of artistic tricks that will enthuse even the most blasé.

All you have to do to enjoy our festive company is make a few appropriate gestures with the pen on the coupon, complete the sordid financial details and mail it to us.

I do hope we will see you with each issue of our sparkling JEM.

Yours fraternally,
JEM DANDY

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Me TOO!

MAIL TO JEM, 16 HOPKINS AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY



SHE SAID: "I always do whatever a photographer tells me to." —Jayne Mansfield. (Whew!)



■ It's Greta Thyssen, a Dane, Dane Dandy . . . and careful, JD, don't drool in your snorkel!





Travel Puzzle: Who is this girl in a little
Spanish gown? Ramona? Great Dane the morning, NO! . . .

*Command performance
for the fanciers
of JEM... the girl
for whom you kept shouting
"Encore, encore!" when
she appeared on these
pages not long ago
as JEM OF THE MONTH*

*miss **T** shirt*

*...and so we
bring back Betty Brosmer
in a new title role:
Miss T shirt of 1957.
And ah! How Betty
fits it to a T!*

1957



Poor Wretch's ALMANAC

combined with



Jem Dandy's DATE BOOK

HOROSCOPE April is derived from the Latin *Aperio*, meaning to open, for obvious reasons. Aries dominates the month until April 20. Aries men are natural leaders, not easily discouraged and have oodles of push and energy. Taurus assumes control on April 21. Taurus men are (it says here) gentle by nature when not abused, but stubborn and hard to deal with when pushed around. They are practical, good organizers, sincere and very, *very* loyal. Taurus men are late starters, but fine finishers. They usually don't hit pay dirt until they are in their 40's (unless, of course, they are publishers of exposé type magazines). April is the month of rejuvenation, the reawakening of nature, the birth of spring, the running of the sap, a realization of the beauties of the world we live in—and the common cold.

PHASES OF THE MOON

FIRST QUARTER	FULL	LAST QUARTER	NEW
17	14	21	29

HOROSCOPE This is the month of fairs, with the International Spring Trade Fair in Helsinki, Fur Fair in Frankfurt, International Samples Fair in San Remo, Wine Fair in Luxembourg and My Fair Lady on Broadway. It is also the month of the Irish Grand National, Fairyhouse, County Meath; opening of the Shakespeare Festival, Stratford-upon-Avon; bull-fights in Spain and France (yes, they do, too), and the time when the Lapps come out of hibernation for weddings at Karasjok, Norway. There are dinners, special shows and fireworks every Friday evening at the International Sporting Club in Monaco (a small, wide-open suburb of Philadelphia ruled by a family named Kelly and a Greek named Onassis). April flowers are the sweet pea and daisy and the JEM of the month is the sapphire or diamond.

DM	DW	Unessential Information	J. D.'s Essentials
1	Mo	Debbie Reynolds b. 1923. Soviet blockaded Allied sector of Berlin, 1948, bringing about the big airlift.	Jayne Mansfield blockaded traffic in Manhattan with her uplift (for further intimate details, see page 43, and we ain't foolin').
2	Tu	Jack Webb b. 1920. U.S. Congress established the Mint, 1792. Mirabeau d. 1791.	The facts, ma'am, are these: We didn't know a thing about mints except in juleps until we started this Almanac.
3	We	Marlon Brando b. 1924. Doris Day b. 1924. Pony Express established, 1860. Pres. Truman signed \$6,098,-000,000 omnibus Foreign Aid Bill, 1948.	The Pony Express lasted exactly a year and a half. The Postman has been walking ever since. Everybody hopped aboard Truman's omnibus for a grand free ride.
4	Th	First sound-on-film talkies shown at the Rivoli in N. Y., 1923. Frank Costello convicted of contempt of U. S. Senate, 1952.	You see, the movies made money by talking—Costello got sent to jail for refusing to talk. 100 shopping days, more or less, to Christmas.
5	Fr	Spencer Tracy b. 1900. Gregory Peck b. 1916. Churchill retired as British Prime Minister, 1955. Danton beheaded, 1794.	The British and the French both lost their heads.
6	Sa	Peary reached the North Pole on his sixth attempt, 1909.	J.D. still getting the cold shoulder, 1957.
7	Su	Walter Winchell b. 1897. Nat'l. Mother-in-law Day. South of Phila., plant radishes, pepper plants and cucumbers.	Happy Birthday from Mr. and Mrs. America and Jem Dandy. No, you cannot plant your mother-in-law south of Philadelphia.
8	Mo	Mary Pickford b. 1893. It snowed in Naples, Me. and Naples, Italy, last year.	What can you say?
9	Tu	Last day to shoot turkey in Miss.	We're sick of turkey, anyway.
10	We	Turkey season opens, Tenn., for 3 days. Limit, 1 turkey.	Stuff it.
11	Th	Napoleon abdicated as Emperor of France, 1814.	He also told his Empress, "Not tonight, Josephine."
12	Fr	Joe Louis kayoed Roy Lazer, 1935.	Joe who?
13	Sa	Thomas Jefferson b. 1743. Russia and Japan signed 5-year peace pact, 1941. Tornado in Philadelphia, 1856.	Are you sure they could trust each other?
14	Su	Lincoln shot by John Wilkes Booth, 1865. First public showing of Edison Kinescope on Broadway, 1894. Titanic hit iceberg, 1912. Nat'l. Do-It-Yourself week begins.	Yeah, but it's much more fun with girls.
15	Mo	Paris Exposition opened, 1900. Income tax returns due.	Run for the hills, boys!
16	Tu	Independence day in Israel. Slavery abolished in D.C., 1862.	Income tax agents take to the hills—in hot pursuit.
17	We	Joe Louis kayoed Jack Roper, 1939.	Joe who?
18	Th	San Francisco earthquake, 1906. League of Nations dissolved itself, 1946. Paul Revere started his ride, 1776.	There is absolutely no relation between these three earth-shaking events.
19	Fr	Netherlands recognized by U.S., 1782. Paul Revere still riding in the wee sma' hours of the morning, 1776.	Paul's horse is rather tired by now.
20	Sa	If you can find anything exciting that happened on this date, please let us know.	No comment.
21	Su	First R.R. locomotive crossed first bridge across Mississippi, 1856. U.S. Marines entered Vera Cruz, 1914. Queen Elizabeth b. 1926.	Stars enter sign of Taurus. Taurus men don't usually hit pay dirt until their 40s (unless, of course, they publish exposé type magazines).
22	Mo	Joe Louis kayoed Biff Benton, 1935.	Oh, that Joe!
23	Tu	Will Shakespeare b. 1564. He died on the same date, 1616. Shirley Temple b. 1928.	My, how the theatre progressed in 364 years! Incidentally, this is National Children's Day in Turkey.
24	We	Russia declared war on Turkey, 1877.	So?
25	Th	Farragut captured New Orleans, 1862. Spanish-American War started, 1898. U.N. organized in San Francisco, 1945.	Farragut was at New Orleans, Dewey at Manila and Alger Hiss at San Francisco. This is Anzac Day in Australia.
26	Fr	John Wilkes Booth shot near Port Royal, Va., 1865. Jamestown Exposition opened, 1907. Confederate Memorial Day, Ala., Fla., Ga., Miss.	Hold on to the Confederate money, boys. It'll be good any day now.
27	Sa	Another dull Saturday.	Ho-hum.
28	Su	Supreme Court upheld sentence of Tokyo Rose for treason, 1952.	Judy Coplon was not convicted.
29	Mo	Duke Ellington b. 1899. A. Hitler committed suicide, 1945. Birthday of the Emperor of Japan.	At sundown in the n.w. quadrant of the U.S. you can see an annular (or ring) eclipse of the sun, if that's your idea of riotous fun.
30	Tu	N. Y. World's Fair opened, 1939. Robertson pitched perfect game, Chi. vs Det., 1920.	Nobody duplicated Robertson's feat until Don Larsen in the 1956 World Series.



THE END OF NEVER

*I wasn't running
away and nobody had
to wait any more.
So I hung up
the phone*

A SHORT STORY

By

SUMNER AHLBUM

WHEN MORNING at last began to filter through the dingy window, I was sitting on the bed, still in my topcoat, and in the struggling light I could see where the once-proud tweed had become weary and frayed, and old, like the body it shrouded.

I picked up the telephone, dialed a number I could remember awake, drunk—or dead—and listened to the mechanical far-away purr of ringing. In the girl's voice that answered, fatigue and sorrow tumbled over each other, and I said: "Darling, last night I was killed."

* * *

Last night, on my way to see Ellen, I had stopped in out of the chill drizzle to strengthen myself for a minute in the boughten warmth of a neighborhood bar. It was not my neighborhood, for it was new and young; it belonged to the striplings who surrounded me, as I stood alone and unnoticed, half-hearing as they settled the affairs of the world and humanity.

"He should've known," one of them was saying, with an emphatic rap of his glass on the wood, "you can't run away from anything." I thought that over as I nibbled on what was left in my own glass, and I thought, too, of mixing into the talk with perhaps a line or two from old Doctor Gogarty and maybe standing a drink all around and a good cigar for the barkeep. But these were youngsters, escaping from home for a moment (*Continued on page 60*)



Got any old problems of the heart lying around? Send them in to JEM's expert on matters of l'amour...



advice to the LOVE-WORN

ALL THIS fury and furor about rock-and-roll is no surprise to any student of love-making. The direct and potent influence of music on sex has been noted by many philosophers—such as Schopenhauer, Plato and Presley.

But one has to be careful about the kind of music one employs as a sex stimulant. Rock and roll produces one reaction, schmaltz produces another. I'm a lover of the schmaltz-produced reaction myself, but every man to his own poison. Some guys even do pretty good with polkas.

Suppose you lure a tempting young morsel up to your shack and stick a record on the turntable. Suppose it's Bill Haley and his Comets playing Rock Around the Clock or Elvis Presley singing Hound Dog. Man, you'd just better keep a tight grip on the morsel, or she'll up and strangle you. On the other hand, if you're playing a record of Andre Kostelanetz playing That Old Black Magic or Percy Faith playing Stardust, just relax and let the chippies fall where they may.

Actually, however, the simple business of playing records for a romantic background is only one way in which your love interests can be advanced with music. Since you've been so nice to me, I'm going to divulge my very tricky Don Wan System of Humming Hearts. This is something I developed myself after a lean love year, due to shingles.

1. You attend some function where lots of girls will be present—say an office party or a convention of lady barbers or a meeting of the Marlon Brando and Tab Hunter Picture-Kissing and Canasta-Playing Club.

2. Pick out the one you wish to get cozy with. Advance on her, with lowered eyelids and dilated nostrils.

3. When you get within sonic range, begin humming. Pick out a tune that is neither fish nor fowl, neither particularly romantic nor particularly jazzy—something like Casey Jones or By the Light of the Silvery Five-Dollar Bill.

4. Her attention will immediately be attracted. And she will say, "My, that's a lovely hum you've got there, Mac." You say nothing, but keep getting closer, keep humming. And she will say, "I said you've got a dandy hum in your throat, Buster." And you keep humming, keep coming.

5. Finally, you are up close, still humming. She, by this time, is confused. She thinks you're either off your trolley or else got a hole in your head. So she says, "Hey, Jack, what's with you? What's with this humming bit?"

6. Keep humming. Look at her deeply. Get as close as you can. Keep humming. Along about now, she'll probably scream and start running.

7. Hit her with a flying tackle. Keep humming. Hum right in her ear. Along about now the gendarmes will probably haul you away.

8. Then you go into your big pitch—

something about needing to find some way to meet her and she's so lovely and you'd try anything to make an impression and how about a short snort up at my place?

9. You may not make much time, but it's dandy humming practice.

And now, to answer some of my mail dealing with music and love:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I've been going steady for 20 years with a lady harpist. Every time she gives a concert, I carry her harp. And every time she goes to have her harp polished, I carry a harp. It seems to me after all these years, she should at least have the decency to switch to the kazoo. Or do you think I'm harping?

Muscles

Dear Muscles:

Yes, I think you're being taken advantage of, in a great big way. If I were you, I'd suddenly develop a case of rheumatism in the harp-carrying arm. Then I'd wait and see if it's you she loves or just that you're handy to have around. Incidentally, have you thought of taking up an instrument yourself?

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm madly in love with a handsome boy. He is tall, dark, kind, rich, fun to be with, dances like a dream, kisses like a doll and treats me very well. Only problem is he's a longhair. By that I don't mean that he likes classical music, I mean he's got long hair. To his waist, yet. What should I do?

Bald Bertha

He has troubles of his own, but always has an open mind for others.

By DON WAN

Dear Bald Bertha:

The simplest thing would be to pull a Delilah—get him when he's asleep and then snip it all off. But I never recommend the simple way out. And so I suggest something more complicated, but more fun. Just bide your time and wait until his hair is down to the ground. Then tie a few choice strands to his shoe laces. All hell is liable to break loose, but chances are he'll get the idea.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

My girl friend is a trumpet player. Boy, has she got strong lips! Every time we kiss, I've got to have my teeth straightened. Is there any defense? Gummy

Dear Gummy:

You might try rubbing noses. It isn't as much fun but, in your case, I think it's a lot safer.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

About three months ago, I met a very lovely girl. She appeals to me. She likes the same things I do—necking and kissing—and she's pretty good at it, too. But she's allergic to music. Whenever we go to a dance, she breaks out in green splotches. Or if I switch on the radio and we hear music, green splotches. Any time at all that she's exposed to music, she gets those lousy green splotches. My problem is this—I'm allergic to the color green and every time I see green, I break out in blue dots. What can we do? Pinky

Dear Pinky:

Simple—marry the girl (being sure that there's no music played at the wedding) then go off to a desert island. Or just go off to a desert island. And bring along a ukulele, just in case.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I've got troubles. My wife is very fond of Brahms. Hiram Brahms, that is, who runs a goose farm down the road a piece. Every time I send her down to get a goose, it takes her a long time to get back. And when she comes back she's all messed up. But smiling. So I say to her, "How come it took you so long to get a goose?" And she says, "I didn't want to take the first goose he offered—I had to feel a few before I got a goose that satisfied me." And there's logic in that argument. So I say to her, "How come you're all messed up?" And she says, "Well, it was a pretty strong goose, and I had a lot of fight before I could get it to come." And there's logic in that argument, too. So I can't blame her, can I? But now, the other day, she came home without a goose. So I say to her, "Where's the goose?" And she says, "I'm through with that goose man. He tried to get fresh." Now, I ask you, what's a poor struggling husband to do?

Goose Liver Lover

Dear Goose Liver Lover:

I think the only thing for you to do is to start raising geese yourself. Then your wife can get a goose without leaving the premises.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Nine times out of ten, my boy friend and I agree. But the tenth time is on the subject of music. He says he doesn't want any music playing when we go to bed. And I say I like to have music when I go to bed with a fellow. Now, Mr. Wan, I'm a good girl and I don't like to have fights. But my boy friend gets me so aggravated. Last night I punched him in the nose and went back to my husband. Like I said, I'm a good girl and this troubles me. How can I make up with my boy friend? Faithful



Dear Faithful:

You sound like a very good girl. And it's a pity that you and your boy friend have these silly quarrels. Why don't you try this? You put on music and put ear plugs in his ears. Then you can have music and he can have quiet and you both can have exactly what you want. Or better still, put on some of that new silent music—Music to Listen to Music By.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Something very strange happens in our house. My wife is a lovely girl, comes from a fine family and I met her at a church social. But every time we hear the song, *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody*, she begins doing bumps and grinds and taking her clothes off. Our friends don't know what to think. And they've all bought long-playing copies of the song, so that my poor wife is naked more often than not these days. What can I do?

Distraught

Dear Distraught:

You might try a good tattoo job. Or a new wife. Or new friends. There are, you see, many solutions to your problem. Above all, don't lose your head. Just keep a grip on your temper and maybe a grip on your wife, too. And keep her away from drafts.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm an acrobatic dancer. My partner is a man I detest, but he's good in the act. Only thing I dislike about him is that he takes advantage of me during our rehearsals. He ties me up in a knot. Then, when I am lying there, helpless, he—well, he takes advantage of me. I really don't think that's very sporting. He could at least turn me around so I face the window and can look out while he's—well, taking advantage of me. How can I discreetly suggest this to him?

Princess Pretzel

Dear Princess Pretzel:

Yours is a knotty problem, indeed. I suggest that, before your next rehearsal session, you have a heart-to-heart talk with him. (And I don't mean heart-to-heart literally, mind you.) I'd tell him that if he doesn't stop—well, taking advantage of you, you're going to get a new partner. And, when he protests, you can casually suggest a compromise—the courtesy of facing the window. That's the least he can do. Of course, you could move to a different rehearsal studio, one with quadruple exposure.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I have a problem that isn't new. It's the old mother-in-law business again. Only there's a slight difference. My mother-in-law is quite a slick chick and I dig her the most. But my wife is a real square and she's always getting in the way. My mother-in-law and me both go for rock-and-roll and jazz but the wife likes, if you'll pardon the expression, Guy Lombardo. So how can I figure out a way to get rid of my wife and make time with my mother-in-law? Jumpin' Jack

Dear Jumpin' Jack:

The only thing to do is be sensible. Think of your poor wife. Think of poor Guy Lombardo. Think, perhaps, of your poor father-in-law. And then, when you've considered the feelings of all these poor innocents, I suggest you and the mother-in-law go away together.

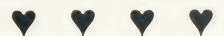
Dear Mr. Wan:

They say music hath powers to soothe the savage breast. Well, my girl friend has about as savage a breast as you'll ever see. She beats me, she kicks me, she bites me, she puts itching powder in my foot powder. And I keep whistling, figuring maybe I'll soothe her a little. But no. Do you have any pet methods of soothing savage girl friends?

Bewitched, Bothered and Battered

Dear Bewitched, Bothered and Battered:

I suggest some nice, soothing hand cream—use your hand and cream her one.



I could have glanced all night...

Jayne Mansfield overflows (as you can plainly see) from the gatefold to spend a quiet evening at home. What is the stuff of her dreams here — a symphony, a sonata, or is she just harking to the spell of the camera?



Whether or not success spoiled Rock Hunter, it hasn't spoiled Jayne.



Here she's in repose, but when she walks things move, and she just can't help it.



Jayne could have been in Deborah Kerr's mind when
Deborah said: "Sex appeal shouldn't be something
just to sleep with but something to live with."



the story of Female Undress

From bustles to Bikinis, woman's dress—or lack of it—has been calculated to titillate the male libido. As they say in the song, "They've Gone About as Far as they Can Go." Or have they?

By A. ROBERTS DYKEMAN

ONE SUNDAY evening about 90 years ago, a young couple sat facing each other in the gloom of a Victorian parlor. The gentleman, sitting erect as a hitching post, was intent upon the task of balancing a high silk hat on one knee and a bag of horehound drops on the other. The young lady, buried under the voluminous folds of a hooped skirt and six petticoats—at least one of which was triple flounced—presented a picture hardly calculated to titillate the male libido.

This dreary literary daguerreotype presently erupted into one of the most astonishing dramas of unrecorded history.

What happened was that the young man, in

(Continued on page 52)





*The rains in Spain fall mainly on the plain, and so
what would be more illogical, even in April, than for a
not-so-plain Jane like Alisa Davis to go*

down to the sea in shifts

*Watch those wild, wild
waves, woman—they're
liable to make short
shrift of your shift.*



But Alisa can shift for herself

on land or sea or foam (as you can see for yourself through the foam).

She may wind up on the beach, but you can be sure she'll never be left high and dry.

The Story of Female Undress (continued from page 49)

full control of the silk hat and the bag of horehound drops, permitted his gaze to rest upon the toes of milady's slippers, which were adorned, according to the dictates of the day, with beads and passementerie. Whereupon the young lady, in a momentary fit of sexual exuberance, seized a handful of hooped skirt and twitched it, exposing what was soon to become known as a "trim ankle."

This seemingly innocent maneuver struck the young man with the subtlety of a baseball bat. His jaw sagged, his eyes bugged and his legs, when he tried to rise, turned into twin lengths of wet spaghetti. Then a massive dose of adrenalin went percolating through his system and sent him skyrocketing towards the ceiling. The paper bag, catapulted into space, burst, showering horehound drops all over the place. The young man bounded from the house and lit off down the street, screaming as he went, "Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!"

Thus began a marathon striptease which has persisted through twenty-one Presidential elections, two major wars and a stock market crash, to say nothing of mah-jong and interlocking jigsaw puzzles.

The news spread like wild fire, and in no time at all every young woman in the country was busy twitching hell out of her skirts, and the streets were filled with young men raising their voices in a cacaphony of obscene "Wahoos."

It can appropriately be said, that during the eleven-year "trim ankle" era never have so many men been satisfied with so little. By 1876, however, the sight of a trim ankle had lost its allure. The frenzied "Wahoos" petered out into yawns of boredom. The young men, turning to other fields for excitement, took to reading poetry and pressing pale flowers between the pages of thick books. The marriage rate dipped alarmingly. The words "fop," "foppery" and "foppish" were whispered between the slats of Chinese fans.

It took some time for the young ladies—and some who were not so young—to plan the next move. They finally put a finger (gloved, of course) on the root of the trouble: what had raised the blood pressure of the male animal was not the spectacle of a trim ankle, but speculation of what lay, unexposed, above it.

Certain unimaginative groups advocated the most obvious move. "Let's let 'em

see our shins," they cried. But other groups, with more inventive minds than their sisters, expressed their views by murmuring, "Let's feature . . . ah . . . our derriers."

So it was that, just before the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, the ladies introduced a "New Look" that fell flat on its face. It is doubtful if even a single eager male of that era was fooled into thinking that the configuration of the female derrier in any way resembled the monstrous appendage which covered it—the bustle.

Not to mince words, the men were unimpressed. The women, completely enraptured with the novelty of their bustles, were slow to realize this fact. Sara Josepha Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, expressed the female dilemma this way: "Whatever may be said against fashion, it is little more than a waste of time to decry it; at least until the disposition of mankind undergoes a radical alteration."

The radical alteration was not long in coming. The male interest in sex prior to the bustle and toward the end of the "trim ankle" era was, to put it bluntly, in a helluva state. It now proceeded in that direction at an accelerated pace.

The callow youths of these dark days indulged in hysterical, and completely inaccurate, guesses as to what lay beneath the bustles. None of them would admit that what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them. But they would have enthusiastically agreed that what they didn't know was driving them nuts.

One can well imagine the sickening pallor that suffused the face of a young man so bold as to peek into his sister's bedroom. He must have retched to see, thrown stark upon the bed as though she couldn't wait to be rid of it, the most barbarous of female devices, the hourglass corset. "Oh, my God," he probably groaned, "she gets into that!"

By 1880 the men had learned to divert their lust, what little remained of it, into pursuits which changed the face of America, if not the figures of the women. A pall of smoke blossomed over Pittsburgh and remains there to this day. The streets of Findlay, Ohio, were flamboyantly lighted with natural gas. The first mastless steamship, the *Meteor*, slid down the ways at Nyack, New York. A seat on the Stock

Exchange rose from a cost of \$3,000 in 1865 to a cool \$34,000 in 1881. Antoine Joseph Sax invented the saxophone at about the same time that the Brazilian Emperor put a telephone receiver to his ear and shouted, "My God, it talks!"

The boys couldn't see the girls for dust. No man wanted to nicker around a bunch of bustles when he could get a job driving a horse drawn ambulance over the cobble streets of New York.

The women, casting aside the struggle to arouse primitive urges in the men, went pedalling off up the country roads on bicycles or tee'd off at the country club in knickerbockers and high boots.

It never occurred to them that the most alluring of their attributes, the breasts, could well do with a little publicity. The hourglass corset imparted to the bosom a silhouette that resembled nothing so much as a dishpan thrust into the front of a dress bottom side out.

But in 1890 things began to pick up. The phonograph parlors, billiard rooms and penny arcades began to feature peep-shows. For a nickle a guy in search of excitement could see, moving against a foggy background, a man sneezing, a baby taking its bath or—hot diggedy damn!—a girl dancing.

The peep-show girls set a fast pace, particularly a wanton lassie by the name of Dolorita. In 1908 the social reformers in Atlantic City protested the "hypogastric rhythm" of a peep-show depiction of Dolorita's Passion Dance. "The authorities request us not to show the Houchi Kouchi," the exhibitor sadly wrote the producer, "so please cancel order for new Dolorita."

Even some of the men folk were not prepared for the screen's first kiss, a torrid osculation placed upon the lips of May Irwin by one John C. Rice. The editor of a small Chicago magazine, *The Chap Book*, really hit the ceiling.

"The spectacle of their prolonged pasturing on each other's lips was hard to bear," he wrote. "Magnified to gargantuan proportions and repeated three times over it is absolutely disgusting. Our cities from time to time have spasms of morality, when they arrest people for displaying lithographs of ballet-girls; yet they permit, night after night, a performance which is definitely more degrading. The immorality of living pictures and bronze

statues is nothing to this. The Irwin kiss is no more than a lyric of the Stock Yards."

By 1910, ten thousand theatres were playing to nations wide audiences of ten million weekly. Such a state of affairs must have made the editor of *The Chan Book* feel like a futile fellow indeed.

Dolorita sounded the death knell of the hourglass corset, but then came World War I. A man seldom looked at a woman during this period because it was impossible to tell the two sexes apart. The people who manufactured uniforms became millionaires overnight. The ladies joined the Red Cross, the Motor and Ambulance Service, Y.W.C.A., the Salvation Army. They even wore uniforms to carry messages. The only thing a woman lacked to become completely indistinguishable from a man were two items of physical equipment.

It isn't surprising that the fashion designers of the day—and these included a few misguided men—ushered in a new vogue of tailored suits for off-duty wear. The breasts, gloriously freed from the restrictions of the hourglass corset, now suffered a further indignity. They were mashed flat. The hips were similarly treated. A female's specifications, as expressed by numbers, was a monotonous 31-31-31. By contrast with a spine tingling 39-24-36 of today, one gets the impression that the nation was overrun by a horde of animated barber poles.

A single happy note was injected when the ladies who, forty-two years earlier, had shouted, "Let's show 'em our shins," now managed to be heard. They went around showing their shins all the way up to the knees. But the emergence of legs, far from providing a draft for the banked fires of animal passion, simply lent strength to the illusion of so many comic strip soldiers bumbling about in the trunks of hollow trees.

The so called "Postwar Sexless Period" served, oddly, as an incubator for a re-awakening interest in sex. The ladies, with no more messages to carry, no more ambulances to drive and no more bandages to roll, were reluctant to return to their homes because they had found so much excitement outside.

A horde of them all hopped up with the proposition of equality (they voted for the first time in 1921) converged on the speak-easies and began pounding hell out of the doors. Once inside and sparked with a few jolts of apple jack, it was inevitable that they would look around them, tilt back

their heads like a bunch of she wolves in heat and scream, "Wahoo!"

Whereupon every able bodied male within earshot, galvanized by a sudden surge for lust and not knowing what to do about it, climbed the nearest flagpole and sat there waving his arms like a wounded duck. But they soon climbed down to find out what the *It* was in the song "Everybody's Doing It" that burst from the throats of the young ladies gathered around the flagpoles. And they hit the ground to the tune of "I Faw Down and Go Boom."

It, if one listened to the reformers—and almost nobody did—was a carnival of carnality that threatened to overload the accommodations in hell. *It* was rolled stockings, short skirts, bobbed hair and breasts which, while still fashionably flattened, nevertheless showed unmistakable signs of shaking loose from their fetters.

This hair-raising spectacle was particularly evident when a gal cut loose with the Charleston, the Bunny Hug, the Lame Duck or the Grizzly Bear. *It* was dance marathons, bathing beauty contests, bathtub gin, hip flasks and petting. *It* was an automobile that ran out of gas in the country. *It* was Texas Guinan's Embassy Club, Helen Morgan's and the Cotton Club. *It* was a dime a dance. *It* was *IT* and it was the nuts.

HE SAID:

"A woman will put on a golf dress when she can't play golf and a Bikini when she cant swim. But when she dons a wedding dress, she means business."

—Artie Shaw

On Thursday morning, October 24, 1929, a good many millionaires rode down to Wall Street in chauffeur-driven limousines and went home—if they dared go home—in the subway. The Depression gave the men, no longer preoccupied with amassing fortunes, time to look around. What they were looking for was aptly expressed by the song hit of 1931, *Some Day I'll Find You*. In 1932 it was *Night and Day*.

About this time a young man with the look of a mournful Basset hound was busy assuring everybody that *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries*. And in the chrome-plated bars from New York to California

everybody—even guys who'd never been farther north than Woonsocket, Rhode Island—filled their steins to dear old Maine.

When *Vogue* announced in 1932 that "Spring styles say CURVES!" Mae West proved it to be the understatement of the age by knocking down something over \$480,000 in the mid-thirties.

In 1933 a French dame by the name of Lily came out with "the new boneless Duo-Sette." Lily, illustrating with pictures of young women whose breasts were individually and deliciously conspicuous, called attention to the "youthful, pointed, uplift lines it will give you." To the men of the era, such an explanation was superfluous. When they caught sight of one of Lily's patrons their eyes spun like the cylinders in a slot machine and they were overcome with a sudden shortness of breath.

In more ways than one the ladies were on the way. Business men discovered that not only could the ladies operate office machines with marvellous skill, but that while operating them they jiggled their bosoms, a spectacle against which the four-in-hand tie offered no competition whatsoever. And when she got up to carry a note to Mr. Higginbottom in Purchasing, our heroes discovered that her addiction to the music of Artie Shaw, Bennie Goodman and Tommy Dorsey had done something to her hips that made her nice to have around even if she couldn't spell s-w-i-n-g.

Manufacturers of sports equipment were quick to slant their sales pitch to include the ladies. By the mid-thirties they were belting golf balls around and snapping the nets with long shots from mid-court. They flew airplanes, swam the English Channel, tamed lions, skated in roller derbies and drank their whisky neat.

The adoption of the five-day week gave sex-hungry males more time to shop around. A fellow in the market for a playmate was delighted to find that the "Don't Touch!" signs had been changed to read "Handle at Your Own Risk!"

During the 1940's, with the female figure ranked along with the Grand Canyon as one of the wonders of the world, the ladies embarked on a period of consolidation and refinement.

They discovered that high-heeled shoes, by a subtle upward shifting and compression of the calves, made passable legs out of hopeless ones and beautiful legs out of passable ones. Flesh-colored, seamless stockings created an exciting illusion of nudity. An entirely new concept in walk-

ing was developed to exploit the discovery that a woman in motion and seen from the rear had the same effect on a man as a shot of Old Piney Woods 10-years-old.

The female bosom, wherein reposes, symbolically, the mystery of creation and which serves to stimulate in the beholder an urge to become himself a creator, now assumed its rightful place. A few barren reformers cried out against what they called "the glorification of the female bosom." But the young woman who emerged into the 1950's was leggy, bosomy, and if the term was used to express admiration she didn't object to being called "hippy."

At the same time came the disappearance of the last barriers inhibiting frank discussion of sex. "Contraceptives" was removed from the category of nasty words and appeared in the best women's magazines. The stork ceased to fly over housetops like a festooned Santa Claus and a man could buy a brassiere for his

wife, "Cup size C," without batting an eyelash. In 1948 Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey let loose a barrage of charts and statistics which proved, among other things, that the American male liked variety in his choice of female partners.

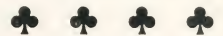
The practicality of "Will you sleep with me?" took precedence over the coy and somewhat childish "Won't you come up for a drink?" Furthermore, it eliminated the necessity for a lot of conversational sparring, a maneuver which sometimes took—if the girl was a teaser—a big, fat shank of the evening. There are some men, it is true, who accept an affirmative nod of the head as a signal to divest themselves, posthaste, of their clothes and make like St. Bernards. It can only be hoped that churls of this ilk will one day be struck suddenly and permanently impotent.

During World War II the pinup picture served as a pictorial reminder of what was waiting back home. It was tacked, nailed,

wired, glued, taped and otherwise secured to the walls of ward rooms, grass shacks, igloos, shell holes, log bunkers, radio shacks, fuselages, induction stations, hospitals, prisons and latrines. And many of the girls, bless 'em, braved rain, snow and typhoons to appear in the flesh, thus proving the photos hadn't been retouched.

1956 rested atop the history of female undress like a glistening strawberry perched on a perfect mound of vanilla ice cream. Led by a group of big-bosomed Italian movie stars, the future sparkled like a dew drop on a sunrise rose. Television had its Fay Emersons, motion pictures their Marilyn Monroes, burlesque its Temple Storms, and every swimming hole in the country provided such an array of long legs, sensuous hips and other scenic attractions that few men found time to go in the water.

Now the 1957 warm weather season of undress awaits us. What will it bring? The ladies are waiting. And so are we.



Playboys of Paris *(continued from page 17)*

to become accustomed.

De Castellane took a quick inventory and decided his most valuable assets were his wit and charm, good looks, breeding and—most important—title. These he decided to put on the auction block, but Europeans, wise in the ways of the playboys, were reluctant to bid. So Boni looked around for fresh money. He found it from America.

Anna Gould, daughter of the famed Jay Gould, the American financier who with the help of Jim Fisk caused the Black Friday panic on Wall Street, became his victim. Anna was unfamiliar with the ways and wiles of the more worldly Europeans and she fell head over stock dividends for Bonny Boni.

There is an old French custom known as the *dot*. This is a form of practical reciprocal bribery in which the father of the bride puts up a certain amount of money, which is matched by the parents of the groom. This probably is done because the father of the girl is glad to pay to get her off his hands and the father of the groom is happy enough to spend dough because the underlying issue, the *dot* is a requisite his son is ready to settle down. Whatever the underlying cause, the *dot* is a requisite in all 100 per cent French marriages.

Naturally, de Castellane was not able to put up a *dot*. Anna had resources of her own, however, and the matter was nicely

settled when she ante up three million dollars for both of them. According to the best information it cost her two or three times that much before she dissolved the ties of matrimony with Boni some four or five years later.

Once in the big money, the Count became the true bon vivant. Every night he escorted an even dozen or so of gay ladies to the bright spots of Paris. One night it would be Maxim's, then the Voisin, Café des Anglais, Moulin Rouge, and all the others.

Boni demanded only one thing of his female companions—that they be witty and entertaining. They could be of any race or color, ugly or beautiful, young or old, but they had to be amusing.

De Castellane, like most Parisians of means, spent his winters on the Riviera and the warm weather at Biarritz.

After Anna tired of his shenanigans and divorced de Castellane, she married the duc de Talleyrand, a direct descendant of Napoleon's famed minister, with whom she lived happily ever after. Boni continued to live gracefully and outrageously. He was the prototype of the gossip columnist, writing spicy items of scandal for the newspapers. He had other sources of income known only to himself.

Rain or shine, whether he had just arisen or had yet to go to bed, Boni always appeared on the Bois de Boulogne

promptly at six every morning he was in Paris. Dressed in an outrageously gaudy riding habit, he would take his canter to which many account for his health and longevity.

Boni was never in debt, never ran afoul of the law and was a highly regarded figure in Paris throughout his life. He died in splendor at a young 78, the greatest of the playboys of Paris.

Paradoxically enough, one of the most famed playboys of Paris was a girl, Thérésè Humbert. Thérésè was the daughter of a poverty stricken father. She was one of five children.

Even as a child Thérésè yearned for pleasure and luxury, desires which she never abandoned. She was not particularly bright, but her simple ways inspired sympathy and she affected a lisp which drew people, particularly men, to her. From all accounts, Thérésè was about as emotional and efficient as the guillotine. She also was a congenital liar.

When she was 13, Thérésè forged her father's signature to a check. She borrowed cheap jewelry from her girl friends to impress other girls with her wealth, and always spoke of a mysterious inheritance which one day would make the family rich.

When she reached 17, she concocted a whopper which won her the sympathy of her friends. She said she was being com-

pelled to marry a certain rich young man from a neighboring town to save her poor old father from ruin. She prevailed upon shopkeepers to lend her dresses and jewelry to be paid for after the wedding. She didn't want to suffer the humiliation of appearing destitute before her suitor, she said.

Tradesmen patiently waited for the wedding to take place. But after weeks, their patience became exhausted and they sued her father. He was forced to sell his farm to settle his daughter's debts.

A few months after that, Thérèse somehow managed to marry Frederic Humbert, son of Gustave Humber, life senator of the French Republic and later Minister of Justice. She even succeeded in marrying her sister, Jeanne, to another of the senator's sons.

The Humberts were poor aristocrats. However, the marriage of Thérèse and her sister Jeanne into the proud and aristocratic family served its purpose on her friends, who now believed in the oft repeated inheritance tale. Why else, they thought, would the sons of a distinguished but impoverished family have married the daughters of an unknown and penniless farmer?

Soon after the weddings the Daurignac and Humbert clans arrived in Paris, and established themselves in a cheap apartment in the Latin quarter. Gustave Humbert, the senator, borrowed \$5,000 from a friend on the strength of the inheritance canard. The lender, however, was not fully convinced and refused to renew the notes.

Senator Gustave Humbert was appointed Minister of Justice in the nick of time. His appointment enabled him to borrow \$12,000 from another source, repay the \$5,000, and emerge with a \$7,000 "profit."

The Humberts and Daurignacs moved from Montmartre to a fashionable apartment, marking the beginning of the gigantic swindle that established Thérèse Humbert as queen of the playboys.

Established in their new luxurious home, the first important money that came their way came as the result of a major scandal of the time—the failure of the Union Generale Bank. This organization was composed of strictly honorable men, most of them millionaires and for a time, associated with the Bank of Rothschild. This group, however, severed their connection with the Rothschilds and founded their own bank the Union Generale. Their depositors, for the most part people of moderate means, multiplied by leaps and bounds. The bank prospered for several

years, then found itself in financial difficulties.

As pressure increased the Union Generale was forced to close its doors, ruining thousands of families. The disaster could easily have been averted; at times it appeared that it would be, when quite unexpectedly on warrants signed by the new Minister of Justice, Gustave Humbert, the directors of the Bank were arrested on a flimsy charge, precipitating the bank's failure.

For this service Gustave Humbert received \$100,000 from those who engineered the "failure." Now more than ever he needed Thérèse's inheritance story to account for his sudden wealth. Mme. Humbert took charge of the publicity and it wasn't long before the name of Humbert figured daily in Parisian newspapers. The Humberts won the undying affection of shop girls, hotel employees, coachmen and others by never tipping less than fifty

francs for the smallest service.

Now come the Crawfords.

Robert Henry Crawford, an American millionaire, supposedly died in Nice leaving a fortune to Mme. Humbert of twenty million dollars in bonds. His will was dated September 1877, and naturally published in every leading newspaper in France. On the strength of this windfall, Thérèse borrowed money like a lend-lease nation. She even paid off some creditors. These paid creditors spread the news, thus enhancing Mme. Humbert's reputation as a financial wizard.

Then Robert and Henry Crawford turned up as nephews of the late Robert Henry Crawford, claimed part of their late uncle's fortune and started litigation to recover their share. They engaged a prominent attorney to represent them. He never saw his clients (nor for that matter, did anyone else). But his fees were paid regularly by messenger—and in cash.



During the litigation, Mme. Humbert was able to borrow thousands of dollars to defend the case. When some creditors became too demanding, she paid them off with money borrowed from others. Then came the announcement that the Crawfords would drop the case if Maria Daurignac, Mme. Humbert's youngest sister, married Robert Crawford. It was said that had been the wish of the late Robert Henry Crawford that the two families be united.

Poor little Maria, completely under the influence of her strong-willed sister and not having the slightest idea of what was going on, agreed to marry Robert. The marriage would have to be delayed for a year because Maria was under age. But Mme. Humbert's creditors, now satisfied that the litigation was ended, continued to lend her vast sums at usurious rates of interest. Meanwhile, wags gave free rein to their wit and Maria became known as the "Premium Blonde."

When the wedding day was not too far off, Mme. Humbert arranged a prenuptial reception at their palatial home, a sumptuous affair eclipsing anything ever seen in Paris. The elusive Crawfords would be there, it was said. The whole of Paris was agog. A fortune in diamonds and pearls arrived for the bride-to-be. A three hundred thousand dollar pearl necklace was the gift of the bridegroom to his future bride.

The guests ranked with the highest in

Europe. Ministers, senators, dukes, counts, ambassadors, even the son of the President of the French Republic were invited and showed up. In fact, everybody showed up except Robert Crawford. Madame Humbert said he had been delayed but would arrive later in the evening.

Dinner was a gay and glorious affair. Everything went serenely until the end of the feast, when Maria burst into tears, tore the jewels from her neck, and threw them on the table. She rushed from the room, declaring her engagement to Robert Crawford was off!

The following day, Madame Humbert's creditors fell on her like a pack of wolves, but she never lost her self-control. She promised everything would be settled. Meantime, she must have more money!

At first she was met with cold refusals, but when she threatened, as sole executrix of the will, to turn over the 20 millions to the surrogate and force the creditors to wait years to get their money, the creditors not only loaned her more money, they begged her to continue the litigation.

So the case began all over again, only to end abruptly again when the Crawfords' attorney said his clients would accept \$600,000 each in full settlement of their claim and Madame Humbert had agreed. Her creditors were delighted. Their money was safe.

The settlement was to be made at her home in the presence of lawyers, newspapermen and creditors. To the gathered

assemblage, she pointed to a large satchel which, she declared, contained \$1,200,000 in bonds to be turned over to the heirs.

At this dramatic moment a messenger arrived with a note for the Crawford lawyer. He read it carefully and his face fell. Solemnly, he told the gathering that Henry and Robert Crawford declared a new will had been discovered bearing a later date than the one on which Mme. Humberts staked her claim. Litigation began all over again.

More money was needed to meet this new contingency. The best lawyers were retained by both sides, and enormous fees were paid—all borrowed money. The indefatigable Mme. Humbert renewed notes, paid interest on some with borrowed money from others, and so kept snowballing along.

The swindle lasted many years. Small bankers who had lent vast sums of money faced failure unless a miracle happened. Tragedy followed tragedy. Many committed suicide. Some banks closed their doors, ruining thousands of families.

Finally there was a concerted movement to compel Mme. Humbert to open her safe. Everyone concerned wanted to see the bonds, which in all these years they had only heard about, never seen. Court order followed court order and at last a day was set for the opening of the world famous safe.

The entire Humbert family, their lawyers and as many creditors as could be accommodated in the huge mansion, would be present. Police reserves were called to keep back the curious. The safe was to be opened at exactly twelve noon, but crowds started gathering outside the mansion at daybreak.

Twelve noon arrived on schedule, but not the Humberts. An extra hour was given for them to appear, then the Chief of Police ordered cracksmen to force the safe.

They found two Italian coins, two hair pins and a rabbit's foot. Nothing else. (The rabbit's foot was a nice touch. *Poser un lapin* means in French, to keep one waiting or fail to show up for an appointment.)

The famous Humbert millions had never existed. Neither had the Crawfords.

Creditors tore their hair. They denounced the Humberts, the Crawfords, the police, the Government. A banker who had lent Mme. Humbert hundreds of thousands of dollars turned to another banker who also had lent her huge sums and remarked ruefully:

"It was just an empty safe."



"... Hello ... warden? ..."

To which the other replied: "Maybe an empty safe to you, but to me it's my mausoleum." With that he took out a revolver and shot himself.

What had become of the Humberts? They were hunted a year before being located in Madrid. They, with the Daurignacs, were returned to France. Madame

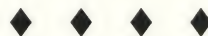
Humbert was tried and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, which she never served.

Why this leniency? Simple. Some of the key witnesses were dead. Others still living who might have sent Madame Humbert away for a long time did not dare divulge the usurious rate of interest

charged for the loans and other irregularities which would have placed them in an awkward predicament with the authorities.

After the trial the Humberts and Daurignacs vanished.

But they set a standard for the playboys of Paris.



Mr. Godiva (continued from page 13)

"But I have nothing to wear to the Wickershams, absolutely nothing. And if you won't buy me what I need, why, I'll just have to appear at the Wickershams in nothing, absolutely nothing. And I'll do it too!"

"Suit yourself, dear," said Drew Ascott, puffing easily on his pipe.

"I mean it!" raged Marsha. "I'll do what Lady Godiva did. If I remember right, she had a stingy husband too."

"But we don't have a horse, dear," Drew reminded her, returning to his pipe. . . .

"But," Anita Towers told me, "horses or no horses, Marsha is determined to be another Lady Godiva. And, Hal, you know as well as I do that she's capable of it. At least, one certainly can't put it past her."

"But, Anita," I interposed, a little lamely, I suppose, "she really doesn't have a horse. . . ."

Anita gave me a rather severe look.

"It wasn't the Godiva horse that gave that little drama its *piece de resistance*," Anita declared. "The Ascotts only live four blocks away from the Wickershams. Marsha intends to walk it."

"You mean . . . sans everything. . . .?"

"Yes."

"But on a Sunday afternoon?" I gasped.

Anita said, "Marsha babbles to me sometimes but you're the closest friend the Ascotts have. It's up to you to do something about it, Hal."

"I don't know." I shook my head. "I'll try to think of something. . . ."

I found it easier said than done. To go up to a woman and say, "Listen, if I were you, I wouldn't go to the Wickersham tea without any clothes on," seemed both boorish and supercilious. And for me to say to her husband, "Look, you musn't let your wife go to the garden party in the nude," also seemed to me to be on the rather

inane and superfluous side.

I tried to tell myself that such a thing couldn't happen anyway. But I knew Marsha. And her exaggerated sense of theatrics. It was just something she might do, at that.

In fact, I rather suspected that although she may have thrown down her gauntlet in a moment of extreme pique and exasperation, she was rather looking forward to following through on it now. It would appeal to her sense of drama. This time she would have the spotlight all to herself.

I would guess that now she probably would just as soon Drew didn't buy her the outfit she wanted. Not all the silk in China could create the fabulous effect of that stroll she contemplated.

A faded blonde—Marsha simply wasn't a spring chicken anymore—she never had seemed quite satisfied with her niche in the world. She was always prodding her husband Drew up the social ladder. And she'd never mounted enough rungs to suit her.

I don't know whether it was because Drew wasn't proddable enough or because Marsha was inclined to dumpiness rather than a svelte patrician figure or if there were some more intangible facts involved. Perhaps if you try too hard for that sort of thing, that's against you.

Actually, though, it was Drew Ascott that I found myself thinking about mostly. Marsha, I was convinced, might very well go through with it all right, this threat to promenade to the Wickersham garden tea in the raw. But what I kept wondering about was: What would Drew do about it?

Of course, he could, at the last minute, capitulate and buy Marsha the outfit. But that, I decided would be rather unlike Drew. He had too much integrity, too much of a sense of principle, to be unduly coerced into changing his position on the matter.

Aside from his easy-going, amiable, pipe-smoking ways, that was one of the things I liked about Drew—his resoluteness. He believed in being gracious about the general amenities of life, but of standing firmly by rock-ribbed matters of principle.

And I happened to know that Drew had come to feel rather keenly about Marsha and her clothes. He was convinced she'd become too extravagant about them. He thought it would be better if he applied some of this money to their garden or general household expenses or perhaps toward the purchase of a small boat for them to go cruising about down the river on weekends, a dream Drew had had for a long time.

Not that Drew was a recluse or anything like that. He liked to dress rather fastidiously himself, but it was out of an innate sense of dignity and in keeping with his conservative nature. The idea of doing so to gain anything out of it would be abhorrent to him.

As for Marsha, I suppose Drew remained something of a puzzle to her. She probably couldn't understand why he could be so "nice" about so many things and yet so unyielding about one or two. And, since she was inclined to equate clothes with social prestige, it seemed that she had made up her mind to have her way about this.

It finally came to me there was only one thing to do: To show up at the Ascott home without notice just as they were getting ready to walk over to the Wickersham garden party. If they knew I were coming, they'd both have time to acclimate themselves mentally to my presence. But my showing up unexpectedly might have the effect of throwing cold water on them and opening their eyes to stark reality and reason.

It was with a certain amount of trepida-

tion, but with a feeling of mounting excitement—and curiosity too, I suppose—that I started over to the Ascott residence. If only Marsha wasn't so dumpy, I found myself telling myself, it might not be so patently absurd.

But mostly I thought of Drew. It always had seemed to me that, considering one thing or another, he'd been handling Marsha rather well, letting her get away with many of the little things, but in his own pipe-smoking, sensible fashion, keeping her from getting too far out of hand, which, undoubtedly, she had a tendency to do from time to time.

But what would he do in this situation? Would he attempt to keep his wife by force from appearing nude in the street? From a practical standpoint, it might be a rather difficult matter for him to restrain her physically. Drew was hardly bigger than Marsha and built in the same rather outlandish proportions, nothing that would suggest undue agility or superior muscular strength.

I sighed inwardly, and made one call—at a corner drugstore—before finally arriving at the Ascotts. I talked to Marsha's confidant, Anita Towers. I thought that perhaps some break might have occurred in this deadlock in the Ascott household and that reason had managed to resurrect itself after all. But Anita told me no, Marsha appeared determined to go through with it and that Drew apparently was making no effort to stop her.

I don't know that I ever rang a door bell with any funnier feeling in my throat than when I pressed the button by the Ascott door. Aware that the Wickersham affair started at three, I managed to time it just right. Marsha stuck her head out behind some drapes of her window and I said, "It's me—I thought I'd go along to the Wickershams with you and Drew."

"Oh," she said, and I fancied her voice dropped somewhat. But then, quite firmly, she said, "Well, let yourself in and wait in the living room. Drew and I are almost ready."

I walked in rather hesitantly and sat down slowly on the living room couch. I don't quite know what I'd expected but everything seemed to be in fine order. I tried to find some reassurance from that. Everything will turn out to be as it should, I told myself firmly.

Then, from his rear bedroom, I heard Drew call out, "Marsha, what did you do with my derby?"

And the answering response from her room was: "I think it's on the top closet

shelf."

Somehow this bit of domestic homily seemed reassuring too.

Then Drew called out, "What time is it, Marsha?"

"It's almost three, Drew," I interposed, and with an effort at chipperness, added, "Time to get going."

There was a decided pause, then:

"Oh—Hal. I didn't realize you were here."

"I thought I'd go along with you and Marsha," I said—casually, I hoped.

"We'll be—right with you."

From where I sat I could see, across the alcove, the door to the front bedroom begin to open. I watched it completely absorbed, as if mesmerized.

And then Marsha stepped out, blonde, dumpy—and as naked as the day she was born.

I suppose I sat there for a moment just gaping, mouth unhinged. I mean, it's one thing to tell yourself you have to expect

SHE SAID:

"Of course I believe in large families. Every woman should have at least three husbands."

—Zsa Zsa Gabor

an incredible something and another thing to see it in the flesh, and I mean flesh.

Marsha's only comment to me was, "I told Drew I had nothing to wear. Maybe he'll believe me next time."

Then she turned and called out, "Are you ready, Drew?"

My head seemed to be spinning somewhat, but I couldn't help but think: Well, Lady Godiva has made her appearance. Now what will Mr. Godiva say or do?

The suspense was almost unbearable.

The rear bedroom was across the alcove and I couldn't see its door but I could hear it opening. And then there was Drew, derby on head, pipe in mouth, umbrella in hand — and otherwise without another stitch of clothes on him!

He looked up at his wife with his usual easy, amiable smile and said, "Ready,

dear?"

It was clear that Marsha was just as much astounded by her husband's appearance as I was. She stood there, wide-eyed and speechless.

Drew walked up to his wife, chivalrously tucked his hand under her arm and murmured pleasantly, "Shall we go?" and turning to me with a friendly little smile, said, "Come along, Hal."

Marsha had stiffened and, head erect now, said very firmly, "All right, let's go."

The last moment for backing down had come. Drew Ascott didn't. He opened the door. There might have been just the slightest hesitation and then the two quite incredible forms staunchly exited themselves.

Practically rooted to the window, I watched them walk down the steps and then turn down the sidewalk.

They walked along, side by side, firmly, erectly, Drew Ascott bringing his umbrella down from time to time on the sidewalk in accepted boulevardier fashion.

It was all like some fantastic dream that belonged in a psychiatrist's office. And then suddenly, as sometimes happens in those dreams, there was a kind of muffled cry.

It came from Marsha. She turned around and started running back home as fast as she could make it.

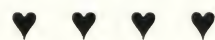
Drew walked on for another few strides, then with a noticeable little shrug turned around and started walking back. He took unhurried strides, bringing his umbrella down in graceful accompaniment and even doffing his derby to some startled feminine faces along the way.

And that, I suppose you might say, was that. Naturally, it was the talk of the community for quite awhile. And, if Marsha Ascott ever had a chance of reaching the social pinnacle, that killed it.

And yet, oddly enough, though it is not something I would recommend as a general rule for couples, that strange stroll of the Ascotts seemed to have a rather good over-all effect.

For one thing, Marsha regards Drew with new-found respect. She is much more attendant and heedful of him, realizing that, while a tolerable gentleman, he is not one who can be overruled.

And they really seem to be living happily ever afterwards, now that Marsha is perhaps the only woman hereabouts (or almost anywhere else) who never ever tells her husband she hasn't a thing to wear.



The Stranger (continued from page 18)

but he winked and took a swallow. He had a good look about him, nothing mean, so I laughed a bit. "Sure, O'Reilly comes in here every Saturday night. Pretty good description of him—I mean, if you don't like the guy."

"I love him like a brother," this stranger said dryly. "We were in the same outfit—thirty-first." It was then I noticed the veteran's buzzer he wore in the lapel of his light gabardine suit.

"You here for the annual reunion?"

"Sure am," he said casually. "Going through on business anyway, so I thought I'd stop off and attend the shindig. Number nine." He shook his head. "Ten years since the old thirty-first division broke up. We really had some times, believe it. You say O'Reilly comes in every Saturday night? With his wife, no doubt?"

"No doubt." I grinned at that. "He'd never get out of the house without her. She rules that roost, but strictly."

He nodded and smiled a little. "You'd never guess it," he said softly, "but O'Reilly was first sergeant of our outfit. A real sweetheart. Once he had me stand at attention in the snow, full field pack and rifle—for twelve hours." He smiled reminiscently but his eyes were like knives, sharp and glinting. "This was in Germany, after the war I'd had a little girl-trouble and was late getting in for bed-check. Nice guy, O'Reilly." He finished his drink. "What time they generally show up?"

I looked him over carefully. He seemed cheerful, a live-wire sort. A little more intelligent than the usual run of customers. I didn't want to start any branagans, and if this guy were here to settle old scores, it wouldn't be in my bar. Still—he didn't look the type.

"The usual," I said finally. "Eight o'clock or so. They have a few and sit and talk."

"Still toeing the line." He shoved his glass forward and I sweetened it. O'Reilly was great for following the rules," he mused.

"Sergeants have a rep for that," I said.

"Not the way O'Reilly did it," he said. "The man seemed to have some sort of compulsion about sex life. He spied on us, kept bed-checks, prowled around the town trying to catch us with girls. It was strictly *verboden* at that time, you understand, for any GI to fraternize"

"O'Reilly doesn't seem that sort at all,"

I said. "You sure you got the right man?"

He read off an address and I nodded. Just around the corner. O'Reilly had lived there since before the war.

"I got this address from one of his letters," the stranger said. "He was forever getting letters from his wife."

"That figures," I said. "Orders from headquarters."

"He never mixed with any of us," the stranger said. "A solitary drinker. I had a hunch the man had a hell of a married life. He couldn't unbend. He hated those of us who got a few laughs out of life. And like I say, he was death on anyone that got caught fooling around with the dames."

"It's a fact that O'Reilly keeps his nose clean," I told him. "I've never seen the man look at another woman."

"That's what I mean," he said. "A twisted repressed guy, and he took it out on us." He looked down at his drink, making round wet blobs on the bar. "One Joe, just a kid, new in the outfit, went to O'Reilly in the strictest confidence—he'd gotten a girl in trouble—and O'Reilly threw him to the crocodiles. The poor devil's still doing time."

"Phew!" I studied the stranger closely. He appeared to be telling the sober truth. "You'd sure never think he was a tough guy now," I told him. "His wife keeps him under the thumb, but good. Can't blame the guy, though. She's holy hell when she gets going at him. I remember once—"

Someone interrupted from the end of the bar and when I came back, the stranger was gone.

He drifted back that night about ten of eight, looked around and ordered scotch. He sat there, perfectly sober, toying with his drink, every now and then looking up toward the door. I was a little worried, figuring maybe some rough stuff might start. Some of these old army grudges can be pretty bad. I knew a man once who waited twenty years to get back at his old C. O., a colonel. Put the colonel in the hospital and got six months for assault and battery—and felt it was worth it.

The place filled up rapidly so I didn't notice just when O'Reilly and his wife came in. They sat in their usual booth and O'Reilly ordered a couple of beers, as usual.

All of a sudden this tall stranger stood up, took off his hat, mussed up his hair

and staggered right over to O'Reilly's table, both hands outstretched.

"O'Reilly! You whiskey-drinkin' tomcattin' old bachelor you!" He leaned over and kissed O'Reilly, so help me, on the forehead. "Remember me, sarge? It's Roger, your old drinking and gambling partner from the thirty-first. Doggone you, man, it's good to see that lady-killin' face of yours after all these years!"

He smacked O'Reilly's shoulder, nearly driving his chin through the table, then he sprawled on an elbow and leered blearily at Mrs. O'Reilly. She sat straighter, her narrow face whiter than usual, her rouge standing out.

"Say, O'Reilly, you given up blondes?" He dug an elbow into O'Reilly's ribs—hard, a smirk a yard wide on his face. "Since when you started running around with brunettes?"

"But—Milly!" O'Reilly shot her a frantic glance then looked around and beckoned wildly to me. What could I do? It was a reunion of the thirty-first. I couldn't quite see how the stranger had gotten loaded so quickly, but then—

"Remember the time we were in Cherbourg, in front of the *Maison*?" the stranger bellowed. He turned to the Mrs. "Two girls inside and maybe fifty joes lined up outside, all set to go with their chocolate bars and K rations—trading stuff, you know—and what do you think this son of a sergeant did?" He put an arm around O'Reilly and squeezed him tight. "He pulled his rank and got in first, and then sneaked *both* chicks out the back door and away for a private party all for himself and a pal!" He roughed up O'Reilly a bit, grinning foolishly. "What a lover this guy was. What a lover!"

"That's not true!" O'Reilly gasped. "Milly, this man is drunk! I don't—." He half rose but the Mrs. gave him a glare that froze him solid.

"So O'Reilly was quite a lover-boy, was he?" she hissed.

"He's kidding. Milly, I swear—" O'Reilly tried to grab the stranger's arm, but like I said, the stranger was a pretty well set-up chap, and he easily plunked O'Reilly back down in his seat, a little harder than was necessary.

"O'Reilly—a lover-boy?" The stranger guffawed and rocked back on his heels. "O'Reilly was a *man*, sister. A man! Why half the frauleins in Germany were after

him. One gal—remember Freida, O'Reilly, you old studhorse?" He slapped O'Reilly on the back again, and again O'Reilly did a nose dive toward the table. "She never could prove you were the papa. That was some alibi the boys cooked up, eh?" He jerked a thumb at O'Reilly. "Nothing we wouldn't do for this guy, sister. Nothing."

"Milly!" O'Reilly cried. He leaned across and pawed at her hand. She drew

back, her lips curling savagely.

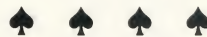
"Ten years ago," the stranger roared gleefully, "and if you went back today, I'll bet you'd find half a dozen little red-headed krauts running around, all named—"

Mrs. O'Reilly rose majestically, swept her beer off the table into O'Reilly's lap and marched out without saying a word. But she didn't have to speak. Her face

was something I wake up nights remembering—in a cold sweat.

O'Reilly watched her go, slumped over in his chair, not looking at anyone, just staring after her retreating back.

The stranger straightened, smoothed down his hair, put on his hat and nodded to me. "So long, pal," he said. "It's been fun," and then he left, about as chipper a person as I'd seen all night.



The End of Never *(continued from page 41)*

of man-talk. They had hearths and wives and such living as I once knew, but not such as they might understand if I tried to match it with their today. So I went out again into the wet street, and thought of what the wise stripling had said, because I had been trying to run away from a lot of things myself, for a long time, and it suddenly felt to me that he was wiser than his years.

Once I had thought I was so wise, too, I was remembering as I climbed the steps to Ellen's apartment. This was the night I was really going to convince her I didn't need her any more, that she was just cluttering up my life, that she'd better start wrapping herself around the man who was willing and wanting for the clutter two people involve themselves in.

Maybe I was feeling a little sorry for myself, but that wasn't anything new. Neither was what she said after she let me in, and with the wisdom of a woman who has compassion instead of disapproval in her heart, poured whiskey in the coffee she put beside my chair.

"Father," said this woman, who was my daughter and even as a woman called me Dad when she forgot how grownup she was. "Father," she said, "when are you going to stop wearing your pride like an old school tie and let me make a home for you?"

I held the warm cup in my hands, and let some of it warm me inside, too, while I looked at this woman I had known as a darkening blonde, first in rompers and then in starched dresses and suddenly in the subtle something that makes a man perk to a non-seasonal springtime. All this I let trickle down memory's throat with the whiskey-laced coffee while I rehearsed the same old answer.

"I have a home," I said, in a voice that tried to be testy and succeeded only in sounding like a small boy explaining a bad report card. "I've lived alone too long

to have somebody on my heels. You make your own life, Ellen. Say yes to the boy who's been pestering you for the last two years, and domesticate with him. He's going away to a new job, and he wants you with him. I'm not your life; he is."

Her eyes glistened a little, and she turned around to find a cigarette, but when she answered there was a woman's strength in it.

"That can wait," she said.

Have you ever called a number you wanted desperately to reach, and kept getting the monotonous and impersonal bleat of the busy signal? That's what Ellen's wait sounded like to me. Wait... how long had she waited already? Wait... how long had she put off what she really wanted because I once kept saying the same thing... wait... and waited too long.

Wait... I had said it when she was a little bewildered girl and the love between her mother and me fell apart. Wait... I said it then to myself, and then a little later to somebody else I really loved. Wait, I said, wait until the little girl grows up a little and doesn't need me so much, until she can face reality, until I get a little more money. And then suddenly there was nobody else, because waiting is not reality, either, but just another way of making believe.

Then I had gone away, alone, and when I came back I found Ellen hadn't needed me so much after all. She was a woman, not a little girl, and she had done a lot better with reality than I had. My waiting hadn't made a home for her—nor for myself. But now Ellen was taking care of herself in the capable way of all women, and she thought she must make her love wait while she made a home for an old man who had nobody else to wait for, and no more money, and she was the one who was waiting.

The busy signal bleating in my mind

faded, because I suddenly realized Ellen was almost shouting at me. It died away like an insolent whisper, and she was prying my empty cup out of my fist.

"Dad! I've been talking to you! Do you get this way," she stormed, "when you're alone? I've got to take care of you. Now. Everything else can wait."

I thought of asking for some more whiskey, and changed my mind. All I could see at the moment was a honey-haired girl who once met my homecoming on a tricycle, and now kept a bottle stashed away against an old father's moods.

"No," I said quietly. "You're wrong, darling. That can wait, too," and I wasn't thinking of the grog. "Right now I'm going home. I want to walk in the rain a little. I'll call you later."

In the street, the drizzle had grown up and was bouncing in the gutters and sluicing off the canopy that sheltered the corner bar. I walked by the neon promises of bottled cheer, turned up my coat collar, and thought about the man who had been so positive in another bar earlier that night.

There had to be a rebuttal to his saloon-born wisdom. If you couldn't run away, you couldn't wait, either. So there had to be something in between, a secret out nobody else would really understand for what it was, but which would be going away without waiting... without coming back, and without making anybody else wait.

I must have walked for a long time, because I could hear the bellows and screams of river traffic defying the black wet night, and I could smell the pungent blend of salt air, fuel oil, coal dust and garbage. The river would be a way, but it wouldn't be an answer. It would take you, softly and coldly at the same time; and completely, too, for the moment. But later it would toss you back, contemptu-

ously, to show how gullible you had been, and how right was the young barroom philosopher.

Except for the river, I could have been anywhere, in any yesterday or any never. A truck rumbled by on the cobbles, and I caught myself listening for the clobber of hoofs to mark the horse-drawn dray my memory suddenly insisted should be there. A couple of times empty taxicabs, their tires sucking up the rain, slowed down to see if I was interested. The traffic lights leered at me like technicolor owls, first bloodshot and then bilious, and the rain spun misty shrouds around them.

Shrouds? It was a night for them. It made ghosts of all the lights as I walked toward them, the red and green ones, the street lamps, the pair of headlights boring through the rain toward the corner to challenge another set of yellow eyes sliding out of the side street, beckoning me on.

For a minute, the liquid quiet of the night was wiped aside by the screech of rubber grabbing for a foothold and the crumpling of steel ripping steel apart.

But when the hushed, unending rain closed in again, I could see the corner very clearly, as if I were watching an undersea tableau through a diving glass.

I could see a truck and a taxi locked together, but no longer fighting, and a little knot of men bending over a figure prone on the cobbles. Despite the shrouds the rain had hung on the lights, I could see the prostrate figure quite distinctly. Most of all, I noticed the topcoat. I could see it was tweed. Tweed with a haphazard pattern of blood and grease and the muck of wet cobblestones.

Very soon there was a wailing in the distance, like some lonely creature; then it was a chorus coming closer, and a police car and an ambulance raced each other to join the tableau on the corner. A man with a black raincoat over his white jacket knelt beside the tweed figure in the street, then stood up and shrugged his shoulders. The ambulance went away, its wail more of a moan now. The tweed bundle was still there.

I was very tired, but I could wait a little longer, and after a while another

police car—a van with dark panelled sides—clanged out of the dripping darkness. Uniformed men lifted the tweed bundle into the van, and then it went away, splashing quietly through the rain because there was no hurry.

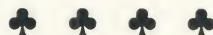
And I could go home.

* * *

Sitting on the bed, still in my topcoat, I held the phone and listened while a choking noise, like an inhibited scream, came through the earpiece. Then I heard a far-away clattering and a thud, the way a telephone would sound if it fell out of hands suddenly gone limp.

The light through the grimy window was stronger now, and when I looked down again at my coat, the places where the tweed had become weary and frayed were disappearing. A haphazard pattern of blood and grease and the muck of wet cobblestones was drifting over them, like something I had seen a little while ago in a misty shroud.

I wasn't running away, and nobody had to wait any more. So I hung up the phone.



Diamond Dust (continued from page 7)

Come to think of it, the lyrics aren't too bad, at that. Nor too far from what one of the Plain People would say under the circumstances. Actually, in describing a freight train, they say: "Comes the little red house and the train is all," meaning of course, when the caboose comes, it is the end of the train.

Some of their other expressions are wonderful, too. For instance, they might describe a favorite relative thusly: "Aunt Josie is wonderful fat and sets too broad." Or inform you of the state of the larder by saying: "The shoofly pie is all, but the cake is yet."

Some of their sayings are real gems of philosophy, too. We particularly like the one that goes: "Schmootzin' wears out, but cookin' don't." Did you ever hear more sound advice for a boy about to brave the treacheries of matrimony?

* * *

Friend of ours in Washington swears it happened to a Coast Guard officer of his acquaintance. Seems this Coast Guard brass, temporarily assigned to shore duty, was sitting at home reading his evening

paper one night when the telephone rang. The officer picked it up, listened in exasperation for a few seconds, then exploded: "I don't have that information at home! Call the office and stop bothering me!"

After he had hung up, the officer's wife, who had been sitting in the same room knitting peacefully, asked: "Who was that?"

"Oh, some damphool wanted to know if the coast is clear," answered her husband as he reburied himself behind his paper.

* * *

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

(In a New Orleans House of Joy)

"It's a Business to do Pleasure with You."

* * *

Did you hear the one about the college cutie who had nine letters? She made the baseball team.

* * *

It has come to our attention that a Boston medico, Dr. Fillmore Sanford, associate director of the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health, has announced a commission to find out what makes people miserable.

"The commission will seek to find out just how miserable people are. We want to find out who they are and how they solved their troubles," says Dr. Sanford.

We should be able to be of more help, but the best we can do to aid the good doctor's research is to refer him to page 24. That should provide him with some excellent research material right at home.

TITILLATED TRANSLATIONS

hic jacet (Lat.), that's a lousy sports coat.

vogue la galere (Fr.), we want orchestra seats.

virginibus puerisque (Lat.) jail bait.

suspensus per collum (Lat.), Winchell's on vacation.

honi soit qui mal y pense (Fr.), honey, hand me my shirt and pants.

nudum pactum (Lat.), the stripper sold out the house.

loquitur (Lat.), pipe the dame.

feux d'artifice (Fr.), to hell with make-up.

brutum fulmen (Lat.), your father's drunk again.



What We Can Learn From Lovers *(continued from page 31)*

should find one trait that unifies them. If we are successful, we will have discovered the vital key to romance. And that one common trait is easy to find.

What picture comes into your mind with each of them?

Romeo skulking around under a balcony; Don Juan hiding behind a tree singing his plaintive serenade; Casanova vanishing out of a window in the dark of night; Villon fleeing through the side-streets of Paris; Cyrano lurking in the shadows while a friend reads his love poems; Henry VIII plotting behind a lady's back to remove a lady's head.

Take the verbs in the preceding paragraph—skulking, hiding, vanishing, fleeing, lurking, plotting—and you have the key.

BE SNEAKY!

Don't go in the front door when you can drop in by a side window. Don't accost a girl politely when you can in some way surprise her. Don't play fair when you can cheat. Don't be a nice guy. Remember what an outstanding figure in another great sport, Leo Durocher, once said: "Nice guys finish last." And in the game of love, when you're last, brother, you ain't nowhere.

But how to apply this valuable lesson? It isn't always easy. Suppose you're having a routine love affair with a nice girl. Everything is fine. Everything's going according to plan. She is receptive. Neither of you have anything to hide.

So you may wonder, why be sneaky? Why try to make something difficult when it is so easy?

You have answered your own question. What is more boring than something that is so easy? The great lovers of history could have had easy romances, conquests that were without the need for artifice and scheme, affairs that were strictly cut and dried. But they avoided them like the plague. A dull romance without snags and pitfalls and dangers is no romance at all; it is merely a biological act. It is no more a romance than a mating between two laughing hyenas. It is animal, not human.

A romance between human beings cries out for sneakiness, demands plotting and thrives best in the sordid soil of suspicion. True romance ONLY happens when things do not work out smoothly. You will never find the marriage of Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly listed among the great

love stories of all time—there was no clash, no tears, no fuss, no nothing.

As Romeo once said (he was disguised as Hamlet at the time), "To be or not to be, kiddo, that's the question." He meant that what makes life (and romance) exciting is the indecision of it all.

And so, if you find yourself burdened with a beautiful girl who loves you madly and gives you money and jewels and herself without any trouble, mister, you'd better make some changes. You're a laughing hyena.

Create problems. Take another mistress. Start a feud with her father. Climb fire escapes. Eat garlic. But do something.

HE SAID:

"I don't think there's anything to the rumor that Elvis Presley will do a movie with me. I understand he won't be available for four or five weeks. He's being wormed."

—Jerry Lewis

Now, from the general lesson of all of history's great lovers, let us consider the particular lesson that each of these esteemed romantics has to give.

Sneaky old Romeo fell in love with a teen-age hunk of gaol-bait named Juliet. The whole business was complicated by the fact that his family and her family were having a feud. So he had to sneak around (smart kid!) and send messages back and forth and finally it all ended up with everybody dead. It was a perfect love story.

But note his diabolically clever technique. He didn't speak the language as you or I do. He used Shakespearean English. He made Juliet fall with fancy phrases right out of Olde English.

Now, in the world of today, we can apply his lesson easily. Next time you see a pretty chick that you'd like to make Ye Olde Time with, remember Romeo and proceed as follows:

"Prithee, lass, wouldst thou deign to sup with me at my place? Naught of ill can befall thee. Naught of life's pristine pleasures will I, in sooth, deny thee. Make haste and hold fast. Get thee to a

nunnery. And whither thou goest, there, too, will I go."

(Alarum)

Buddy, if that doesn't make her sit up and take notice, she's beyond help. It's no wonder that Romeo made Juliet's bobby-sox curl up with that kind of talk. And when he left her after a heavy date, he exulted with this sort of farewell:

"Farewell, farewell. Parting is such sweet sorrow that I must say farewell 'til it be morrow. And don't take any wooden farthings."

No wonder Juliet panted. What girl wouldn't? How much nicer to talk like that than the standard pedestrian good-bye of today: "OK, chick, I'm off. See ya tomorrow. Watch out for that sandman—he's a wolf."

So from Romeo, the lover of today can borrow the technique of pretty speeches and romantic language.

And from Don Juan, the serenade. This mighty practitioner of the art of romance began each of his many courtships (which were, significantly, all conquests) with a song.

Can you imagine a boy of today parked under a girl's fire escape and plucking away on a guitar and singing:

"Your eyes are like diamonds,

"Your lips are like wine,

"Your kiss is a fountain,

"Oh, say you'll be mine."

That's the kind of stuff Mr. Juan used. Only he sang in Spanish which was better for his purposes because he sang to Spanish-speaking girls. Today, the nearest we get to a serenade is to flick on the car radio and there's Elvis Presley singing You're Nothing but a Hound Dog which is probably romantic music if you happen to be a hound dog. But how many girls would listen to you singing You're Nothing but a Hound Dog and then throw down the keys to their apartment? Precious few.

Don Juan knew the value of music as a resistance-lowerer. A sweet sentiment, uttered in rhyme with a musical accompaniment, is a time-honored gambit in lovesmanship. It's almost as good as a slug of bourbon, neat.

Don Juan expressed his philosophy on this subject best himself when he said, "La cucaracha, sienta se, muy poco." The rough translation of this is "The music goes down and around, see, and the

girls lay down, si!”

Casanova was a cavalier, given to the grand gesture, wall scaling, duel fighting and, most important, hand-kissing. Kissing hands is merely a dainty little hors d'oeuvre on the menu of love, but it is something that the girls appreciate. They enjoy tender gestures of affection, they appreciate genteel touches, they go for the cavalier's approach.

When Casanova would spy a chick worthy of his attentions, he would go up to her, salute her, kiss her hand and murmur some gallant phrase like, “Baby, you are really stacked!” How cavalier can you get?

In his famous book, *Memoirs of a Midnight Marauder*, he has this to say about kissing hands:

“Kissing hands isn't easy. It isn't merely a matter of grabbing the hand and kissing it. There is an art to it. And there is danger attached to it, too. Once I kissed the hand of a chambermaid. Turned out she had dishpan hands—rough and red—and they were all chapped. I scratched my lower lip severely and was out of action for several lonely nights.

“To kiss a hand, grab it between your forefinger and thumb, as you would pick up a pork chop. Bend your head to meet it as you raise it with your own hand. This should be done in one smooth motion. When your lips come in contact with the hand, pucker and kiss gently. It shouldn't be a ‘thwack’ kind of kiss, but more of a soft, tender ‘pffwick’ sound.

“Release the hand, straighten up, smile at the lady. Bow precisely from the waist, then grab her and make for the high grass.”

Francois Villon was the poet-lover of history. He wooed with verse, courted with cadenzas and raped to the happy patter of metric feet. Holding a lady in his arms, he would intone a seductive verse, like this:

“The grapes grow rotten on the vine,
“It's time the corpse to bury.
“The sun has ceased its yellow shine,
“Oh, merry, merry, merry.
“The cow decays before our eyes,
“Off fall the legs and udder.
“Hey, baby, try this on for size,
“I love you like a brudder.”

It never failed. They all swooned before Villon's verse—the courtesans, the shop-girls, the prostitutes, the grand ladies. For 20 years, he cut a poetic swath across Paris, creating poems and babies in astounding numbers. You can profit from his experience—write poems to your lady love, but be very careful. They can be

dangerous.

And now, to Cyrano de Bergerac. Here was a man, as envisioned by Rostand, who was ugly as sin but in whose soul burned a romantic light. He, too, wrote poems, but he was too conscious of his ugliness to read them himself. He had another man do the actual courting for him, read his poems to the ladies, say his lovely words—and it turned out that the other man got the girl in the end, which is the best place.

The lesson here is obvious. Make your own deliveries. The poem may be nice or the song or the flowers or the candy or the little diamond nick-nack, but you've got to be there to collect the reward. Don't send your best friend or even your worst enemy, because while absence may make the heart grow fonder, it has no effect whatsoever on the biological juices.

And last, King Henry VIII. There may be some dispute about him as a great lover, but any man who can run through six wives must be considered pretty good. Henry had a few dames on the side, too.

If he hadn't been king, he might not have been much of a success. He was fat, sloppy and pretty dull, too. But he was smart enough to capitalize on what he had—wealth, position, title, a big double bed.

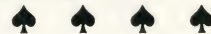
We can learn from him one vital lesson—capitalize on what you have. Take an inventory of your assets. If you have money, you can use it to snag off expensive chicks. If you have looks, you can concentrate on the girls who go for that kind of nonsense. If you have brains, you can outwit any girl you want. If you have nothing, you still have a pretty broad field to work on, for you can make time with the girls who have nothing and there are more of them than any other kind.

Figure out what you have to work with. Use it well and wisely. And remember Henry VIII, who got by with nothing much, except that he was a rich king.

There, then is the lesson from the pages of the romances and the history books. Be sneaky. Speak in flowery terms. Serenade. Recite poems. Kiss hands. Do it yourself. And take advantage of your best assets.

And, if none of this works, you can always use the lesson of possibly the greatest of all lovers in the world's library, Henry Frisby.

What, you don't know Henry Frisby? Why, he's everyman—you and me and the other fellow. And the technique he uses is generally pretty successful, too. He just lets nature take its course.



“This isn't another of your tricks, is it, Doctor Jones?”

Busybodies, Unlimited *(continued from page 24)*

long neglected by the medical profession. But those who have been saved from the Demon Rum through AA are a different matter. It is an old adage in drinking circles that nothing is worse than a reformed drunkard and those who have found refuge from the DTs through Alcoholics Anonymous are, almost invariably, living proof of the verity of the maxim. Let a perfectly normal non-alcoholic escape a hiccup or belch engendered by overindulgence in *sauerbraten mit kartoffelpuffer* and the reformed drunk will, with a knowing leer and what he considers sly innuendo, point out that belching and hiccuping are among the first signs of alcoholism. Those salvaged by AA simply cannot seem to accept the live-and-let-live philosophy of You struggle with your problem, and I'll struggle with mine.

Boston, the City of the Banned, still bears the marks of the early reformers who took umbrage at the performance of an English theatrical troupe which descended upon the seat of New England culture and cod in 1750. The British thespians presented an epic in bleak blank verse called "The Orphan" or "The Unhappy Marriage", by Thomas Otway. Otway's dramas were noted for presenting the depths of human misery and despair and "The Orphan" was one of his saddest and most lugubrious works. Certainly it was not calculated to set the hot blood racing in the veins of a puritanical adolescent, nor could it possibly have inspired an upstanding husband to go home and beat hell out of his faithful wife because she hadn't prepared the porridge properly or because she wasn't as beautiful as the heroine of the play.

The Boston bluenoses viewed the performance in another light, however. The troupe was run out of town and all theatrical performances were banned. Such "painted vanities" would not be tolerated, ordained the Boston busybodies, and fines were prescribed for those wicked enough to attend. Even to this day Boston is noted for banning things cultural that are found perfectly acceptable in other communities and seats of culture. It probably would annoy the Pilgrim fathers no end to know that today a "Banned in Boston!" label is as valuable in promoting sales as a 4-star rave review of the movie in a metropolitan paper or a Sterling stamp on silverware.

Anthony Comstock, who made life miserable—yet provided his full share of laughs—for New Yorkers for more than 40 years, was a notable example of a fanatic bluenose who set about running everybody's business with remarkable efficiency and skill.

From 1874 until his death in 1915 at the age of 71, Comstock was a self-appointed censor of morals in literature, drama and art—all subjects about which he knew woefully little. Comstock organized the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and exerted great pressure in securing state and federal legislation against what he considered obscene matter. He was even made a special agent of the Post Office Department so he could back up his ideas of what people should see and read with the power of the national government.

The ridiculous lengths to which Comstock's guardianship of morals went is illustrated by one instance in which the reformer ordered a shopkeeper to remove a print of the painting, "The Triumph of Charles the Fifth" because it showed nude boys leading the regal procession.

Just recently a female member of the species, one Marthe Richard, succeeded in wrecking the time-honored French profession of prostitution by having it outlawed. This removed the harlots from the

rather rigid medical and police supervision under which they had legally operated and scattered them to contaminate willy-nilly.

Perhaps the greatest mass exhibition of bluenoseism this country has ever known was Prohibition, which was foisted on us when most of our able-bodied, red-blooded men were away fighting A War to Make the World Safe for Democracy—leaving the field to the nation's Carry Nations, male and female.

For a time the prohibitionists had a strangle hold on the government, even cowing Presidents. The fact that many of the prohibition leaders were out-and-out tosspots seemed to go unnoticed. Some of the more brazen prohibitionists were overt patrons of the bootleggers their legislation had spawned. Others, particularly the women, stayed pleasantly potted on patent medicine "tonics," whose alcoholic content was about that of today's Scotch whiskey.

The busybodies often leave a lasting, and sometimes deleterious effect on the world. Prohibition created the modern gangster who has turned to the dope racket since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Karl Marx was a busybody reformer—and look what that has led to.



Adolf Hitler wanted to remold the world into his concept of Utopia and this resulted in the near-extirpation of a race, the suppression of religious freedom and the greatest war the world has known.

The medieval Inquisition began in the first quarter of the 13th century when the Pope commissioned a group of Dominicans to investigate the Albigenses. The Albigenses were a religious group of southern France, who differed with the regular church mainly in their belief that Jesus lived only in semblance. The sect was enthusiastically ascetic and probably no better or worse than any other sincerely religious group of the era.

The medieval Inquisition, set up to cope with the Albigenses, was not too vicious. It resorted only to imprisonment and incessant preaching to convert those it considered heretics, but it was the forerunner of the Spanish Inquisition established by Ferdinand and Isabella and controlled by the Spanish kings.

Headed by Tomas de Torquemada, the Spanish Inquisition soon deviated from its original purpose of uncovering converted Moors and Jews who were insincere and became a widespread form of Gestapo from which no Spaniard was safe.

In the 16th century the medieval Inquisition was assigned to the Congregation of the Inquisition or Holy Office. The modern Congregation of the Holy Office has the duties of censorship (the Index), as well as making decision on certain other questions.

The movies, harassed and heckled by threats of boycott from organized pressure groups of those who would regulate the morals of the entire country, finally adopted a self-imposed code of restrictions that was ridiculous in some respects. Under the code it is *verboten* to show a man and wife in bed, although they may share the same bedroom in twin beds. This is tantamount to teaching our youth that it is wrong to sleep with your own mate, which may be an indirect form of the much-feared birth control.

No matter how strong a lesson is preached against the use of drugs, it is forbidden to show any form of dope addiction, or even suggest the illegal use of narcotics in an "approved" film. Thus, had not the producers of "The Golden Arm" bravely defied the code and released their picture without the seal of approval, that effective film indictment of drug addiction would not have been shown.

By and large, the average American does not approve of reformers and busybodies, although his sense of humor is often so tickled by their ridiculous antics that he is inclined to laugh them off until it is too late.

Basically, Joe Smith's attitude perhaps best can be summed up by what a New Orleans Creole madam told a reformer who was trying to meddle in her affairs.

"*Regarde tes affaires, en qui met son nez dans tous les affaires,*" she told him. Which translates freely; "Keep your dirty, cotton-pickin' nose out of my business."

Quipping Post

(continued from page 22)

in the harem was my own brother, so I summoned him to take my place for a few days. Well, Sultan, you know my brother. He isn't cut out for my kind of work."

* * *

THINGS THEY DON'T TEACH IN SCHOOL

CUSTER'S LAST WORDS: "Where did all those damned Indians come from?"

* * *

The lady of loose morals went to the doctor.

"Doctor," she told him, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I have no pep, no energy. Just feel pooped out all the time."

The doctor gave her a thorough examination, then his verdict.

"There's nothing organically wrong with you," he told her. "You're just run down. Just stay out of bed for a few days and you'll be all right."

* * *

The boy had been going to a progressive school for several years, yet he hadn't learned his readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic. When his father learned of his son's illiteracy he said: "We've got to get this kid out of that school. He's been going there for three years now and he still don't know his Rs from a hole in the ground."

* * *

DAFFY DICTIONARY

demimondaine (dem-i-mon-dān'), *n.* a French girl who stays up till the *oui* hours of the morning.

* * *

The game breeder was showing a lady around his farm.

"We're doing some interesting work here," he explained. "We're cross-breeding pheasant with other kinds of birds and some of the results are most amazing. For instance, that bird over there is a cross between a pheasant and a goose. We call it a phoose. In that other pen we have a cross between a pheasant and a dove. We call it a phove."

"What's that one in the third cage?" the lady asked.

"Oh, that's a cross between a pheasant and a duck," the game breeder answered. "His name is Algenon."





the end

*You are Cordially Invited
to join me and my charming friends
inside for cocktails. Don't bring presents.
Just give the dealer his 50c.*

Greta Thyssen





Enjoy another classic from the Yootha Archive

Discover more amazing collections in our **eBay shop**

<http://stores.ebay.co.uk/Yootha-Archive-of-Vintage-and-Retro>

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